

Pictures from the Past

KATHARINE HUNTINGTON DAY



Class PS 3507

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Pictures from the Past

BY

KATHARINE HUNTINGTON DAY
(MRS. T. C. DAY)

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*Inscribed to my Children
and
Grandchildren*

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A LOVER

The Springtime hath a lover, and that lover is my heart;
Unconscious is her luring, all passionate my part;
But loving is more blessed far than being loved, they say,
So, heart of mine, love on, woo on, I'll never say thee nay.

AFTER THE STORM

HURRAH! I see a piece of blue sky,
So now to the woods we'll go;
The rain is over—of course it is—
Guess grandmother ought to know!

She said, whenever after a rain
I could find some sky all blue,
Big enough to make an apron or two,
The storm is every bit through.

WHERE FLORENCE SLEEPS

WHERE Florence lies in dreamful rest,
Her couch by dainty form caressed,
May never troubled thought or gloom
Invade the quiet, peaceful room
Where Florence sleeps!

Go, Love, and guard with tender care
Those many charms enshrined there!
And spread the witchery of thy spell
Till only thoughts of me shall dwell,
Where Florence sleeps!

Ah, waving tendrils of her hair!
Ah, rosy cheeks so passing fair!
Ah, eyes where dusky lashes fall!
Ye hold my heart beyond recall,
Where Florence sleeps!

—Inscribed to Florence Day by Mrs. A. R. Hale.

AUGUST 15TH
AT GENEVA LAKE, WISCONSIN
(CAMP COLLIE)

'Twas the birthday of Edward, and evening had come,
And the guests of Camp Collie (those bidden), each one,
Arrayed himself neatly, or finely, at will,
And repaired to the *Chateau du Lac* on the hill.
For 'twas here our dear Fallows agreed, one and all,
They'd abide with delight, saying "yes" to the call.
By eleven in the morning their moving was done,
They reverse the old proverb; teach, *moving* is fun;
So ensconced in their quarters, all festive and fine,
They talk of a "*warming*," to which all incline;
Then the list is made out, and the guests are invited,
With no one omitted or otherwise slighted.

The Fosters, and Ensigns, and Midgleys were there,
Madames Douglass and King, and the damsels so fair,
The entire clan of Days, from mother to babe,
(So kindly these kins-folk toward kins-folk behave.)
From poetical "Trebrah" the Harberts, too, came,
With the Grays from *Club Congress*, who could not refrain
From packing their basket with peaches the best,
For Edward, the honored; despite the behest
"No gift shall be given"—no party was meant,
But only a friendly glad time the intent.
The Fergusons' presence was missed very much.
It's pleasant up here to have oft a touch
Of cities like fairest Chicago, and now
I come upon ground not disputed I vow;
Warm welcomes awaited the Swetts and their friend,
Who with others failed not any gap to amend;
So all in the blaze of the lamps of the hall
Now fall into place at Edward F.'s call.

First, proverbs rang out from the gay, merry throng,
The juveniles joining, each shout to prolong,
Till proverb and reason and wisdom and sense
Seemed lost in a clangor of purest nonsense.
But the riddles were solved, and the proverbs were guessed,
And the company cooled by ices the best,
When Miss Edith did challenge this audience wise
To a feat of rare guessing, designed to surprise
The ready at puzzles, the nimble at tricks,
And now all were baffled; their brains seemed transfixed.
They could not devise, by what art or what magic,
She guessed the right thing—whether comic or tragic.
She tried us for minutes full twenty or more,
When all were too glad this hard task to give o'er.

“Dumb Crambo” was called for; 'twould tax me to tell
Of the fun and the joking, the farce or the “sell,”
Which occurred in the wake of this matchless good game,
Beside which most other diversions seem tame.
The guests were transformed into monsters and guys,
Into things without form, into phantoms and spies,
Into birds that could fly, into reptiles that crawl,
Into fat things, and lean ones, and short ones, and tall.
Two children were pierced by the arrows of Cupid
And tied quick by one who as quickly undid it.
One boy played at horse and would rear up and shy,
Bite the bit, and the grip of Sir Swett would defy.
A long line of voters, in dumb speech said, “Aye,”
Two singers to rival each other did vie,
A lawyer, turned painter; a tradesman, a spy;
A teacher to traffic in leather did try;
A maiden in health feigned to languish and die.
At length, after earth, sea and air had been taxed
By both battling sides—which had nearly collapsed—

The guessers were quiet, all worsted their van,
By a word which their opponents said rhymed with "Slang."

A change in the order was thus ushered in,
And general converse about to begin.
When the hostess announced Mrs. Harbert would read
A poem impromptu—(Yes, this hour prepared)
To celebrate farther, and honor this way
The birthdays of Edward, and also Sir Gray.
'Twas a pretty device, wishing each every good,
Accompanied by pansies and bright golden-rod,
Which came with much grace from the hand of the poet,
As proffered while reading the beautiful sonnet.
Applause followed close upon ending the lines,
And sincerest response from the heart, which outshines
The eloquence offered at times from the lip,
Which, of deepest expression, must oft not permit.

The lines on "The Ball-game" are then again called for,
And all feel once more like saying, "Hurrah for
Dwight Day and his players, who won lasting fame,
In Sir Foster's most eloquent praise of the game.

And so passed the evening, and Ed. and friend Gray,
With wishes were loaded, for many a day;
While greetings and handshakings, heart-felt, went round
Till birthdays with blessings unnumbered seemed crowned.
Long, long may the Camp of Fair Collie ring out,
With the glad notes of friendship, with laughter and shout,
Such as greeted the guests of sweet Lucy B. F.—,
And our peerless S. Fallows, the Bishop-elect.

A MODERN INSTANCE

A LUNCHEON for a friend I planned,
Complimentary, if not grand.
The menu I arranged in mind;
(The guests would not be hard to find);
But when I went my friend to ask,
She said, 'twould be too great a task,
Because her babes away from home
Could not be trusted all alone.
A nurse was there, and grandma, too,
To do forsooth what they could do;
But all in vain was my request,
She could not leave those babies, lest
They scream and cry and make ado,
And tire their grandma through and through.

From Brooklyn she had come to "*rest*,"
Bringing these bonnie bairns with zest
To see their kith and kin "out West"—
Their aunts and uncles all the best.
Alas for visits, Mother sweet,
These babes absorbed more than their meet!
For "mother dear" was tired, she said,
And "tired," we knew, meant "almost dead."
I gave it up and said "good-bye;"
And soon to Brooklyn all did hie;
The blessed bairns in ignorance
Of all they gained by whims and pranks.

CORNELIA'S CHRISTMAS

CORNELIA thought, "My work is done,
And soon tomorrow's Christmas sun
Will show my friends these 'broideries rare,'
And other gifts which they shall share."
But still unrest was in her heart;
She longed some one to help.

Some child whom no one else might find;
And looking through the half-closed blind
She saw a boy, with hurrying feet,
Suddenly pause and stand in the street;
(A half-formed hope arose in her mind;)
'Twas plain he'd lost his way.

His dress was queer, his face downcast.
She called him in from the blast.
I guess he thought it a fairy-land,
This home of Cornelia, so large and grand,
But beautiful maid, nor riches vast,
Had power to soothe his breast.

Cornelia saw his shrinking grief,
And speedily sought his relief.
She asked how it chanced, as night drew on,
In the city great, he was all alone;
Could she not help or guide him home,
On this the Christmas Eve?

Then told he in his foreign tongue,
(Cornelia following the tale along),
How he and sister Gretchen had come
Over the water, so far from home;
And one to whom they closely clung—
Their Mother—and then he wept,—

“Yes, Mother had started with Gretchen and me
One hapless day, across the sea;
Sickness on board o’ertook us,” he said.
“One morning they told us Mother was dead,
And little Gretchen was left to me,
Yet I so young to work.

“And then, in landing yesterday,
A stranger led us both away;
Finding for us a sheltering-shed,
‘Now I am going for food,’ he said;
While Gretchen weeps upon the hay,
Or sleeps a troubled sleep.”

Cornelia said, “Let’s find this place,”
And from her home their steps they trace.
“Adown the street we’ll haste,” she said—
They bought the loaf, and on they sped
To the Emigrant’s Lodge, Carl leads apace;
A scanty, cheerless place.

Cornelia thought, “I’ve found my task;
For these lone ones I fain would ask.”
Gretchen she clasped—while a neighbor told
The tale that Carl had tried to unfold,
Cornelia said, “This joy I claim,
Of making these two, my own.”

Gretchen that night was laid in a bed
Cornelia’s hands had smoothly spread.
Carl brushed away glad tears that came,
And said his prayers in the Saviour’s name;
“Believing as Mother had taught him,” he said,
“In love and Christmas Eve.”

BABY OURS

*Affectionately inscribed to Albertus Dwyer.
(With acknowledgments to the Author of "Baby Mine.")*

It's a baby in a cradle we would find,

Baby ours!

And to call and leave a greeting we've a mind,

Baby ours!

So we'll gladly take our way

To thy side this mid-March day,

While we sing this roundelay,

Baby ours, Baby ours!

We have left Queen Bess and England for today,

Baby ours!

To behold in miniature a mighty sway,

Baby ours!

Not a monarch on the throne,

Nor a Prince the world has known,

Fairer heritage has shown,

Than thine own,

Baby ours!

For thy kingdom is thine own especial right,

Baby ours!

And thou rulest without question, day and night,

Baby ours!

And thy sceptre none may share,

For to wrest it, who would dare?

It is safe from every snare,

Baby ours, Baby ours!

And we bring a little offering of gold,

Baby ours!

To this shrine of love's devotion, all untold,

Baby ours!

While we breathe a heart-felt prayer,

That a Heavenly Father's care

May attend thee everywhere,

Baby ours, Baby ours!

AN ODE TO OUR LEADER

MISS KIRBY

A LITTLE else—but most of love we sing,
And offer thee!
We would presume no recompense to bring;
That could not be!
For there's no common measurement we know
Of what is best and choicest here below;
How vain, material values then, to show
Our thanks to thee!

Most favored we; 'tis but a sign we bring;
Nor could we tell
In words, our hearts' most grateful offering—
Intangible!
But in the summing up beyond the sun,
Where work is crowned because pronounced, "well done,"
Rewards and meeds somehow shall blend in one.
So all is well.

BLUE-BERRYING

IN THE BERKSHIRES

SEE the little pickers
In the bushy sheen,
Coloring the hillside
Brightly midst the green!

Hear them sing, tra la la,
Now they laugh, ha ha ha,
Let the music flow
While blue-berrying, heigh-ho.

Count the busy pickers,
Teddy, Donny, Hun,
Alice, Billie, Clara,
Dwight and every one.

Hear them sing, tra la la,
Now they laugh, ha ha ha,
Calling, "Here they're fine,
Come and help with mine."

Now their pails are filling,
And their hearts grow gay,
So they pick the harder,
That's the very way!

Hear them sing, tra la la,
Now they laugh, ha ha ha,
And hilarious grow,
While blue-berrying, heigh-ho!

Lo! The evening falleth,
And our workers rest

By the mountain hearth-stone,
Safe within the nest.

Now they tell, tra la la,
How they sang, ha ha ha,
While they filled each pail
All in a merry gale.

CONSUMMATION

HUGH and Kate sat in the arbor,
Quite apart;
Cupid poised around the corner,
Seized his dart.
Kate was bent upon embroidery,
Hugh on art;
Each was pondering a problem
Of the heart.
Cupid raised his bow and seemed to
Contemplate;
Hugh had moved his stool and easel
Nearer Kate.
Pleading archly, "Light and shade
Are better now;"
Thinking, "There, I'll sketch her beauteous
Face and brow."
"Ah! you've dropped your thread;" so saying
Quick he flew;
Cupid's dart, as quickly flying,
Pierced them through.
Skein, Hugh rescued; he was kneeling
At her feet;
Happy Cupid—task completed—
Beats retreat.

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS

I've gotten Mamma a candy heart,
And Jacky a candy pig;
And Papa a nice, white handkerchief,
And baby a jiggety-jig.

But now my money is gone, and still
There's Tommy must have a sled,
And Johnny a set of garden tools,
And Mamie, a doll's little bed.

I wish a fairy would come tonight,
With dollars—one, two, yes three;
I'd be the gladdest boy alive,
And as good as good could be.

The fairy—an uncle—overheard,
And sent the gift desired.
"A tenth must go to the Lord's own poor,
That's all I have required."
So saying, he sent his missive off,
And "Fairy" had signed his name.
The boy read over and over its words,
Then said, "From Heaven it came.
Because from Heaven all good things come,
And there they plan for the poor;
If fairies speak from Heaven, then I
Down here must be quite sure
To give the tenth before I buy
A single Christmas toy;
For Heavenly Fairies have made a Prince
Or Santa Claus of this boy."

BY THE SEA SO FAR AWAY

YES, his baby name is "Hunny,"
And his real name, Huntington,
And he gathers daisies for me
While I pine here—sad, undone.

Oh, my heart is very lonely,
And it aches and pains me sore,
For I want our Precious only,
Want him, need him, more and more.

Yes, he picks the wild flowers for me,
There beside the sea, they say;
And he presses now a daisy,
Then a clover blossom gay,—

Sends them in a letter to me;
Though they help, they hurt me, too;
Thrusting through, yes, sharply through me,
Thoughts that burn, dear Hun, for you.

But we cannot talk about you,
For our words seem all too weak;
Can we, must we, live without you?
Tell me "no," or do not speak.

Dreaming of you, that means sorrow;
Do I write? the tears fall, too;
Only come! Come back tomorrow,
Huntington, our own, just you!

THE "GRAND C" CLASS

*of the Girls' Classical School, to their beloved teacher,
Miss Maie LeMonde, upon her bridal day,
October 12, 1887*

THE OYSTER FORKS

WE come not, in guise of the old-time class—
The lessons are learned, you said we might pass;
But in passing, we miss our teacher's loved face,—
That smile which was sunshine, that form we called "grace."
The sweet days with you have a charm all their own;
To us who have loved you, that charm is best known.
But we come not lamenting on this festal day,
Though the day marks your nuptials, we would not say "nay;"
You've earned our glad wishes; to send them we've made
Our "C" class into a fork-brigade!
No more will we weep over "8's" and "9's,"
Look blank—and return your greetings with whines,
Instead, let these oyster-forks' tinkle and ring
Strike the silvery key of the wishes we bring.
We would dwell on the "10's" and successes we've had,
Till every girl's heart is made merry and glad;
Talk of country, and all that our hist'ry calls up,
Inspiring and good—were this not enough
There's restful (?) "percentage" with many a rule
(For the pupil who wants to become a mere tool,
Though you tried to save us from such a sad fate,
And taught us,—machinery in numbers—to hate;
So arithmetic bound us by many a strong tie,
As we learned on false props, we should not rely;)

We might talk of school-life, its work, and its dreams,
Its holidays, too, when Shakespearian scenes
(With the touch and the tact of Miss Bingham's rare gift
At teaching to act, as well as interpret—)

Would close up our work-a-day term for awhile;—
Ah, yes! there's occasion enough for a smile,
And for faces as bright as the past paints our days
Now gone;—yet not gone—but flooded by rays
Which grow brighter, reflected by memory's glass;
We fain would detain the fair scenes as they pass.
The fabric of school with bright threads is run through,
Till we scarcely distinguish the old from the new;
Our tasks e'en were pleasures these four years through,
And think of our picnics and parties with you!

We'll look to Miss Laird and Miss Bingham, you know,
To share now with us our full weight of woe,
As well as our confidence, hopes and intents,
Our joys and even our small discontents.
Lest in changing your name *ours* suffer mistake,
Right here a formal endorsement we make;
This fork-brigade "C," with frolic and fun,
March up, write their names, and wish, every one,
That your life be ever as sunny as now,
With no thought of care to darken your brow;
Nor shadows so deep that they may not reveal
All the brighter the beauty which first they conceal!
May roses shed perfume, as gardens in May,
To charm and beguile with sweet fragrance your way;
May angels attending, bend back every thorn,
And guard well your feet, as you journey along!

But here is Pearl, with pen in hand,
Ready to escort the band;
While Mary follows, with a sigh,
To write what almost seems "Good-bye."
Josephine, with pensive smile,
Fain would linger yet awhile,
And wonders whether "Jo" would seem
More natural than "Josephine,"

Amelia wishes forks would tell
Her love, and break this solemn spell;
Pansy,—let it “Pansy” be,
Adds to fork, this flower you see;
Emma scarce keeps back the tear
Which glistens in her dark eye, clear,
But writes through mists which speak full more
Than ever fork hath said before.
Marian wishes she could prove
By name and tribute all her love.
Harriet writes and stops to say
Something sweet, in Harriet’s way;
Cara, with abandon air,
Comes to ratify her share
In honoring the bridal day,
In this our “Grand C’s” chosen way.
And Lizzie now comes bounding in,
All breezily: “ ’Tis quite the thing,”
She iterates, and hastes to make
This sign of love, you’ll not mistake;
Clara’s name you’ll welcome here,
Her loving wish will be as dear
To you, as though she yet were near
To fill her place for many a year.
Lily, winsome, kind and true,
Dutiful to school and you,
Follows next, and hands the pen
(Which never kindlier wrote, than then)
To Katie, who is glad to seal
Her name, and thus her love reveal.
Bessie checks her fun, the while,
Loves and writes,—but does not smile.
Julia’s name you gladly hear,
E’en though so far, by love she’s near;

Changed our school and she and we
When she comes across the sea;
We the older grown will be,
Her picture tells the change *we'll* see.
But ever "Young" *you* will remain,
So *she will* find *you* quite the same!
Lest Florence' name should now be missed,
She'll place it here, to end the list;
Though last to mention at your feast,
Yet in her love she'd not be least.

Now let these forks their parts well play,
On many a bright and gladsome day,
And oft recall our school—the best
Of any known in East or West.
List we!—Faint, your marriage-bell
Bids us hasten—"Fare thee well!"

"FIRST THINGS FIRST"

*Billy's explanation at six years, to a New York City caller,
who asks for his father, at the door.*

"MY father has an engagement
Out there on the lawn, you see;
I just came in for the hammer—
He's fixing a board for me.
Perhaps when he is through, though,
And has my 'teeter' made,
He'll come and see you then, sir—
Shall I tell him that you stayed?"

GENEVIEVE

Inscribed to her parents,

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Huntington

TWELVE months of joy our baby has brought,
Twelve months with realized dreams have been fraught;
Baby has fashioned the home all anew,
And reigned quite supreme, that's certainly true.

Every day gathers sweet charms from her face;
Each hour has given our baby new grace,
'Till now, the year has rolled quite around
And ne'er a baby like ours has been found.

Every one knows it, who sees Genevieve;
Even the dullest must surely perceive.
Baby it is—and Baby shall be;
Here's to our Baby—a one, two and three!

May thy life ever be sunny as now;
Never a shadow to darken thy brow.
Loving and lovable, beautiful, true;
This is my prophecy, Baby, for you!

THE GATHERING STRING

I'm glad! Oh, I'm glad, I have an aunt May,
For Gracie, just see what she's taught me today—
To make dolly's dresses and aprons a way
That will finish them up in about half a day.

This silk piece you see gathered 'round like a ring
Has made a doll's skirt, just the loveliest thing;
What fun! Oh, what fun does this nice sewing bring,
All because of the dandy old gathering string.

But, Gracie, you have no aunt Mamie, I know,
So I'll tell you myself of this best way to sew:
Just gather and gather and never let go,
Nor take a stitch backward, above nor below;
But keep right along in a straight, even row,
Then pull up your string and you've something to show.

You make for the neck the same kind of thing
You do for the waist when you've run in the string.
Oh, the good times we'll have, Gracie, just you and I,
When the gathering strings 'round our dollies we tie!

HALLIE'S CHRISTMAS PICTURE

Now, Auntie, you must never tell
About the s'prise we're makin';
It's just for Christmas and for you,
That's why my picture's takin.

We went up ever ev' so high,
To find the place to take it.
I'd like to go again so much—
I like to see them make it.

You never saw such lots and lots
Of pictures all together.
I counted one, three, four and five,
But couldn't count them—never!

And when the man went in that place
So dark—a little minute—
Some funny med'cine-smell came out—
I wonder what was in it!

And then they tied me in a chair,
And Mamma wasn't by me.
So, when I saw that great long gun,
I said, "Would they untie me?"

But then the man said, "Now, see here,"
And took my little dollie,
And tossed her up and down so fast
I thought he'd hurt my Polly.

But Mamma said, "Now, make a smile,
Like this"—and then I mak't it;
And so I guess my picture's taked,
And that's the way they tak't it.

HUNTINGTON—AT FIVE

AUNT HALLIE, I think that music,
From "Grieg," the best that you play;
I heard it up in Heaven,
And sang it to God one day.
I'd rather be here, though, Auntie,
Playing with Billie, you know—
At "horses and wagon" and going
Wherever we want to go;
Because I think in Heaven
There's not very much to do,
Except to play with the stars there—
I'd rather be here with you.

CHERISHED BLOSSOMS

"You need not save them longer,
Those faded blossoms, my dear;
Though auntie pressed them for you,
Still now it is very clear
Their beauty has departed,
And they are broken, you see;
So take them out of your desk, child,
That it may orderly be."

"Nahnah, you know I've kept them
For ever so many a day;
I like to see these pansies,
I cannot throw them away.
If you think best to do it,
Please wait until I go;
Then carefully take them, Nahnah,
Away—when I do not know."

“HAPPY-GO-LUCKY”

YE summer resorters,
Oh! come, come and see
This place of all places
You'd most like to be.
Lounge on this divan
Or sit in this chair;
Rest you a little—
Here, there, anywhere!

“Happy-go-lucky!”
You talk of “Bay View!”
Or cottage-life easy (?)
With “service” askew;
But give me a tent, dear,
I ask nothing more;
With “Happy-go-lucky”
It's esprit du corps.

So off to your tents,
Ye burdened and tired!
Find “Happy-go-lucky”
And there, there abide;
Fling out to the breezes
Each care and each fear,
And learn how to live
Where life means “Good Cheer.”

Then “Happy-go-lucky,”
We greet you again!
We joy in your comfort
And ever remain
Admiringly yours—
While you're sure to be
As happy, as lucky
At Maxinkukee.

MY ROSE
IN "WATER-COLOR"

QUEEN of the flowers! Oh flower that I love,
And evermore will,
Most welcome thou art and these fairy forms, too,
That hover about thee now bent as with dew!
They are blue as fair Italy's sky, I believe,
And so fresh and so sure with their grace to relieve
Thy proud charms—that thou art the fairer, oh flower,
For these blue For-get-me-nots twined in thy bower.

Thy language is love, so the poets all say,
And the lovely are loved;
Such meaning is lent us, methinks, from above;
Unless thou wert perfect, thy name were not Love.
Thou bringest a blessing, thou treasure, twice told;
An offering of gladness in measure two-fold;
For charms all apparent within thee reside;
A halo of love-light hangs o'er thee beside.

And thou wilt light up the drear of a day
Untried and unproved;
For troubles, like shadows at noontide, oft fly
When rays from such beauty as thine meet the eye;
Thy task to give joy is, to fascinate, bless;
To minify ills till they reach nothingness;
Transforming the scene to one of delight
Whenever thy form and thy tints greet the sight.

For thou wilt abide in all safety, we know,
Through summer and snow;
No falling to dust in mid-June's sunny day,
No dancing on Zephyrs which bear thee away;
Thy colors are lasting, thy grace is secure;
A lover's own gift—thou art meet to endure.

HARVEST HOME HYMN

Sung at an annual celebration in Bishop Fallows' church, Chicago

GLAD paeans we sing
As our harvest we bring
And offer a sacrifice meet.
For heart joins with hand
At this loving command
To lay some fair gift at His feet.

Be joyful, ye lyres;
Exultant, ye choirs.
Let chimes their glad anthems resound
For the rich, fruitful year,
With its blessings and cheer,
Today shall be honored and crowned.

Not the leaf bring we here,
Nor the bud, but the ear,
And the best that our gardens can grow;
Let these fruits, then, and flowers
From fields, groves and bowers,
Bespeak what our lives shall bestow.

May lessons from Thee,
Descending so free,
Enrich now our hearts, every one!
That our guerdon may be,
Dear Lord, unto Thee,
An earnest of service well done.

HIS POINT OF VIEW

THEY'VE dressed me up to go to Dick's,
All in my Sunday best;
I wish, instead, that I could go
And visit Tommy Test!
Because I love to play with him—
He doesn't care for clothes,
But lets me teach his doggy tricks.
Oh, Tommy always knows
Just what a little boy like me
Would rather do, and then,
You know, he is so very smart
For being only ten!
He hasn't lots of things like Dick—
Has no room full of toys
And games, with many shelves of books
Like Dick's and other boys'!
But he has just a nice back shed,
Half full of shavings, where
We boys have never-ending fun,
Playing with Rover there.
Then Tom takes me and all the boys
Into his kitchen small;
And there his mother makes the cake
And cookies for us all.
She smiles down pleasantly at me
And says, "I guess your Ma
Don't make you cookies as I do;
You have them anyhow."
I wish she did; I told Tom so;
I wonder why it is
That all mammas don't bake and sew
And do nice things like his!

HUMILITY

JUST the broken wing of a butterfly,
Planned and created marvelously!
It clung to the wall, as I tried to make
Its owner my captive—for pleasure's sake,
To study its beauty a while.

Only a piece of a butterfly's wing,
A beautiful, little, filmy thing.
I plucked it off from the hard brick wall,
And groaned to see the butterfly fall
Into the grass below.

You think it strange I keep this thing—
A shimmering, worthless piece of a wing;
But it means so much, I can ill afford
To throw it away—though I would not horde
Fragments of many things.

This little bit of a butterfly's wing
Tells its own tale—the wondrous thing!
It keeps me meek, and mocks me, too,
By showing how little I can do
Of that I would attempt.

For all the butterfly needed, you know,
Was just a piece of a wing; and though
I, from a race of immortals stood by,
I could not help that butterfly.
No! Could not mend the little gauze.
(Oh, where might one find better cause
To humble oneself, I ask.)

We all are finding pieces of wings;
Fragments of harmonies—broken strings—
Beginnings and ends of many things.
We cannot mend them, finish, nor cure;
And yet assurance grows doubly sure—
They bear their lessons withal.

The mood of a moment may govern a day!
An atom may turn you this or that way;
The small may be great and the great things small;
We only must trust, nor judge at all
Values, measures and weights.

And what if the trifle should finally prove
An epoch, perhaps, in the Kingdom of Love!
What if the chance, as you call it, should show
A Guiding Hand above and below,
O'er ruling, fashioning fate?

Then think not, inconsequent bits of wings
Are unimportant, trivial things;
While proving us novices, poor and lame,
They challenge a faith which at length shall claim
The revealed, perfected whole.

MARY

“WAIT here, I’ll run to market, dear;
And never fear—
Stay in this place a while and hide,
And I will haste back to your side;
Together, then, we will abide
This Christmas-tide.”

But frightened horses down the street
The mother meet;
Around the corner speed they on,
And in the distance thro’ the town,—
The sounds of wreck in space recede!
Only a wounded woman’s need
Tells of the deed.

Mary, the child, all tired and chill,
Had stayed, until
Expectancy became despair—
And hiding near some huckster’s ware,
Where late had closed a Christmas fair,
She fell asleep reclining there
Upon the stair.

A merchant, who had driven that way
At early day,
Returned at night to claim the tree
He ordered to remain, ’till he
Should take it home, that it might be
A husband’s love epitome—
This Christmas-tree.

The merchant-prince had gathered toys
For girls and boys—

A full sleigh-load of every kind
That any one could wish to find;
He stops and calls the watch, half-blind,
To bring the tree, and spies behind
The child enshrined.

“I’ll take the tree and child as well;
For who can tell
But in my house she’ll gladly dwell.
Perchance,” he said, “sad fate befell
Her guardian—may the tale she’ll tell
Be like unto a Christmas bell;
Nor sound a knell!”

At length aroused, the little maid
Her friend surveyed;
She told him how she’d waited long
And watched among the passing throng,
For mother—fearing something wrong—
’Till sleep so strong

Had overcome her quite, she said,
Tho’ hard her bed.

“Now fly we home; you will not care?”
Inquired the man. “’Tis better fare
To come with me, a home to share,
Tho’ sad to leave your mother there—
We know not where.”

A precious load the merchant bore
And reached his door.
(He stopped to give a newsboy cold
His Christmas gift of shining gold.)
Oh, light of home! Love’s arms enfold
With joy, to hold

The little confiscated child,
As thus beguiled,

To share a blessed Christmas Eve
With those who live, oft to receive
The needy ones who cry and grieve—
And yet believe

In such, who genuinely live
To love—who give
The best they have of means and time
While disregarding "*me and mine.*"
And Mary's friends perceived her fine,
Sweet nature, which could but repine!
(The clock struck nine.)

"We've sent the man to search the town
All up and down."
So spoke her splendid new-found friend—
"And Mary, we will swiftly send
You word of 'mother'; thus to mend
Your aching heart; and now depend
No time we'll spend,

But haste to find her and prepare,
With loving care,
For you and all, a Christmas meet—
Old Santa Claus to fitly greet.
Now you must hie your childish feet
To blessed dreamland, fair and sweet—
The heart's retreat."

And Christmas-tide has slipped away
As t'were a day!
The mother grateful mends and thrives
On love, which prompts each new surprise;
And peaceful Mary's mute replies
Are better read from brimming eyes.
Farewell, time flies!

MY BALSAM PILLOW

"GIVE me of thy balm, oh, fir tree;"
Let its fragrance woo and win me,
Swift each night to peaceful slumbers,
Broken not by anxious numbers.

Thou hast lent to wildwood places
Thy sweet incense and thy graces;
Now transfer thy benedictions,
Romances and pretty fictions.

Whisper them in dreams alluring,
All-refreshing, all-enduring;
Thus twice blest thy mission shall be,
And we'll sing fond praises to thee.

MORN UNSPEAKABLE

GOING out to meet the morning,
Lo! I found her wondrous fair,
Holding fondly proud possession
Of her summer earth and air.
"Who am I, to taste such beauty;
Who," I ask, "to share the bliss
Of existing amid splendors
Indescribable like this?"

For, though words were gold-illuminated,
Writ on sheen of azure blue,
Set to music all-impassioned,
Such as thrills you through and through;
Still they'd fail half to describe it,
This rare morning's strange, sweet spell;
But we're made to feel the rapture
Paeans e'en may never tell.

OUR ELEVEN

OF MILWAUKEE DOWNER COLLEGE

AND what of the class of seventy-one!

We pause to count the eleven.

What of the years so quickly run,

Bringing this tenth reunion?

Suppose that we play at school today,

Assembled again in class!

We finished Butler and Bascom, you say,

Remembering "finish" meant "*pass*."

At roll-call then, let's play that, we say,

A lesson each from the years—

Skipping the difficult part of the way,

Forgetting the griefs and fears.

We used to like best the clearest view,

Where land-marks were easily seen;

When the paragraph stopped, and something new

Would *break up* and come between.

Today, the long, solid page giving way,

A happy hiatus we reach;

So avault, dull care and dark dismay,

We need not the tasks you teach.

We're girls again this playful hour,

And Minnie begins the list;

Minnie Booth, as it was; we cannot empower

The changing of names, *we insist*.

Minnie's *present* of course; with her depend

The law to the letter fulfilled;

We learn as we live, the best gifts descend

On *such*, in faithfulness skilled.

And perhaps success at this very time
We owe to her thorough care,
Her practical planning, her force in fine,
Her wish, too, that all be there.

I have seen the meteor's light go out,
Drowned in ether as sparks in the sea;
While the moon went steadily shedding forth
Her bright benedictions free.

Now, Ally, the B in your maiden name
Brings next our thought unto you.
We ask but your music, again the same,
At the dear old touch to flow.

We will listen now, with bated breath,
To those Mozart strains so sweet,
Or descend again to Hades' depth,
Just to shudder, then retreat.

Or we'll follow you through the rich green glades,
Where Mendelssohn loves to dwell;
Then weep, as "*The Last Hope*" of Gottschalk fades,
In its eloquent farewell.

And *Edith*, we like still the rhythmic sound
Of that name—it holds a spell;
We follow its sound to the old loved ground
Where memories fondly dwell.

We are led to the studio, cool and clean,
Containing easel and chair,
Where *Edith's last "nymph,"* in snowy sheen,
Is the *loveliest* picture there.

Now, Susie, our Susie, we see you gay,
And flushed with healthful bloom,
With sparkle and spirit for every day,
And heart like your voice attune.

We needed you here, we needed you there,
We welcomed you everywhere.
The girl for the class, the girl for the club,
The girl for a "*curious*" affair.

And Harriet, years do not dim away
A certain glamour and grace,
That were meet to mellow a sombre day,
Stealing dream-light from your face.

"*The Danube River!*" You knew it so well—
Could sing it, for you had sailed.
We fain would ask for its music's spell,
To gladden when *science* failed.

You know, upon many a festive day,
Some thought from the poets you told;
Please, Harriet, give in your matchless way,
Once more something—ten years old!

My name came next, and you know it full well;
I need not repeat it here.
I wish that I had the power to tell
How you all grow more and more dear!

And Nellie, how can I try e'en to tell
What a flood of memories come,
With that magic name, the name of "Nell,"
As it sounds from our college home?

We have not forgotten your advent, late,
To a place reserved at the front;
A lover of "truth," a scholar, a mate,
Our one needed *supplement*.

And Fanny, the sweep of these years dulls not
The edge of a friendship strong.
Just think of your funny original plot,
Of the "*Bean*" of days agone!

I would change the poet's couplet to run
In cadence like this, for thee—
★ "Ah, the tender grace of thy day, *well done*,
Must ever come back to me."

Yes, Ida, we find that the *mastermind*,
The mind that wins and wears,
Is one yielding not for party or kind,
The stamp that *principle* bears.

So you, with loyal devotion to *truth*,
Will oft keep wav'ring ones firm.
'Tis the echo still, of resolute *Ruth*,
"I cannot, *will not*, return."

And Jeannie, our whittler, our whistler and wit,
Our heroine oft and oft,
You knew how to puzzle and pun and hit,
And chiselled out gems of thought.

As some one has said, "How wonderful,
How clever and quick and true!
She has all the talents and charms afloat,
And yet she deigns to love you."

Carrie West, this "W" makes you last,
But we're waiting eager, still,
To hear you give an answer, passed
Round the class, of course you will!

I often have wished your merry mood
Could permeate many a mind;
That your easy trust were understood
By toiling, fretting mankind.

We have not forgotten the careless way
You captured us, every one;
Your "scintillations," brilliant still,
Were rays from a cloudless sun.

But the roll-call ends; we haste to learn
What the years have brought for all;
We want but to know your hearts burn still
With friendships dear to recall.

Methinks our motto, which read from the wall,
"Quaeque pro caeteris," there,
Should take on a broader meaning now,
To splendidly do and dare.

So "class," embracing our neighborhood
And "friendships," the wide, wide world,
Our banner be far better understood
For having been thus unfurled.

Then we'll hallow its "pro," by a service sweet,
Till "pro" be changed to "cum;"
Till the service be counted labor meet,
And the Judge shall say, "Well done!"

*Class Motto—"Each for the other, all for God." Translated into Latin by W. P. Huntington as follows:
"Quaeque pro caeteris, omnes Deo subditae."*

"NUMBER THREE"

Wm. E. Day, recuperating from an attack of appendicitis, watches his class-crew in a race, from the foot-bridge over Lake Whitney. His brother, hearing of the event, thus describes the victory:

YES, he was out of the boat, boys,
But never a word said he.
It was walking, instead of afloat, boys,
That day for "Number 3."

The place was his through merit, boys,
For fifteen weeks worked he;
But Fortune frowned
And it was found
'Twas "up" with "Number 3."

His boat came down the course, boys,
The eight were rowing free,
But the Juniors led
And critics said
The Sophomores needed "3."

At the bridge they were rowing rough, boys,
But a shout came off their lee;
"Go ahead, and steady her up, boys!"
And they knew it was "Number 3."

Yes, it was "Number 3," boys,
That braced 'em up to the catch,
That put 'em a length to the good, boys,
And gave them the hard-fought match.

No honors were taken by him, boys,
No silver cup won he;
But he nerved his Eight for victory, boys,
And that was enough for "3."

—Dwight Huntington Day.

MOTHER

IF I could only clasp her neck
And kiss her cheek once more,
I'd almost call her back again—
Back from that better shore;
For an unutterable pain
Keeps crying in my heart—
To tell my mother many things
She knew here, but in part.

It breaks this heart, for I'd fain tell
Of love I ne'er expressed;
I felt it, knew it; yet, alas!
'Twas never half confessed.
Sometimes she'd thoughtful sit and sew
And pensively suggest,
In her own kindest, tenderest way,
What for our sakes seemed best.

And these were times when she would lead
Our wanton thoughts above,
Had we but lured her on and on
By our persisting love.
I see it now, I see it all;
Oh! would I could bring back
One little chance to hear her say
She never felt a lack.

Perhaps she wanted oft to know
That wearing years but drew
Us closer to her and the love
Of childhood surely grew;
Yet some strange spell possessed us,
And we did not break the crust—
Which seemed to hide in part our love,
And now it seems we must—

We must go back again to her
And tell with passion strong
Of love which then to her belonged,
To her will e'er belong!
But she has flown; I'm desolate—
No mother-love I feel
Encircling, following, helping me;
I cry, I pine, I kneel,—
And ask the Lord to pardon me,
To pity and restore;
Or I can ne'er forgive myself,
Ah! never, never more.
But while I may not do for her,—
My precious mother dear,
Nor tell her how I'm loving her
Through each long, lonely year,
I'll ask the Lord for mother's sake,
And for the Saviour's, too,
To show me surely as I go
The rest I ought to do;
And then perhaps He may blot out
Omissions and mistakes,
And not let mother think of them
'Till that glad morning breaks,
When once again her face I see
All radiantly bright
And see her clothed in seraph robes,
Transparent like the light.
When all the things I did not say
Down here, and did not do,
Shall be dissolved in love supreme—
A love both old and new;
And then she'll know all I could tell;
Yes, more than words could say;
And I'll repeat it o'er and o'er
Forever and a day.

MY BIRTHDAY BOUQUET

TO L. B. F., CHICAGO, MARCH 15, 1875

MID-MARCH moans without,

But here in my room

Is a thing as unwint'ry

As Summer's own June.

Your off'ring of off'rings,

Most perfect—most fair;

The daintiest nosegay!

Of fragrance how rare!

I cannot describe it—

Just tell what I see—

Some roses, carnations,

Geraniums, and three

Little violets, fresh

As you find 'em in May;

With wee saucy faces

And breath like new hay;

A small spray of smilax,

A rose-leaf or two,

Sweet bits of heliotrope—

Now I am through.

But a handful of blossoms

Indeed, when all told;

(Can it be that life's trifles

Such wonders unfold?)

Aye! the beauty and fragrance

Of this sweet bouquet

Have made of my cottage

A palace today.

And I am a queen, then!

Yet how? For alone,

Uncrowned and unsceptered,

Unroyal, unknown—

(Except to my babies
And dear ones; not more—
When you've counted them all
The great round world o'er,
Friends, kinsfolks and all—
Than three dozen score.)

Yet a spirit of all
That's choicest combin'd,
Of color and incense
Most rare, most refin'd,
Throws a glamour of glory,
A gladness, a grace,
Around and about it,
E'en hallows the place.

If thy flow'rs can do this,
All unconscious, you know,
Can delight and transform
And glorify, too,
What may not those blooms do,
Perennial by birth;
Those flowers from gardens,
Not planted of earth?

I mean the sweet buddings
Of mercy; the growth
Of all-loving service,
Long-suffering and truth.
E'en Christ came to plant these
In each life; and we
May water and weed them,
May nourish, you see;
May cultivate, ever
Ingraft, and thus be
A chalice to hold them,
Dear Saviour, for Thee!

THE SEA-NYMPHS

THE nymphs of the sea are at play today,

At play this morn, I know.

They fleck the waves with sunny sheen,

They ripple the surface of blue and green,

With glint of silver and spangles between,

Beguiling the sky and the sun, I ween,

To sojourn here below.

The nymphs of the sea are at work today,

At work this noon, I know.

They dash the waves 'gainst ships that sail,

They hasten the wheel by telling the gale

To help to make their work prevail,

Till grand old ocean's weary wail

Doth plaintive grow.

The nymphs of the sea are silent tonight,

Are quite at rest, at last;

They've capped the waves and tossed the spray

Never so high for many a day;

All proudly and grandly asserting their sway,

Till spent their strength they lapse away,

Into the depths so vast.

SEPTEMBER

THERE is something in the air,
Mystic, marvelous and rare;
You can feel it;
To reveal it,
Nature sends her nymphs, how fair!
But so subtle is its grace,
So impossible to trace,
That, to tell it,
Would dispel it—
Send it far to blend in space.

Could you nature's charms distill,
Those of wood, of dale, or hill,
Witching bird-tone,
Languid bee-drone;
Yes, and song of gurgling rill,
Super-adding color, too—
Gold and red and azure blue,
Would their essence
Lend the presence
Of September-tide, think you?

No! Too precious to condense
Is our season's rare incense;
Let it fill you
Then, and thrill you,
It is rich in recompense.
And though borne on transient wings,
This sweet something Autumn brings.
Here's its mission—
Blest fruition,
To reveal celestial things.

MY LAKE RESORT

WHO sings thy praises,
Lakelet so fair?
And yet, with thyself,
What lake can compare?
Thou hast thy sisters,
All beauteous, we know;
None, though, are potent
More charms to bestow.

Why do I love thee,
Thou lakelet so sweet?
And why art thou more
Than just a retreat?
I wonder myself,
And query this wise;
For my love for thee
Is half a surprise.

But though thou wakest
Memories, how fair!
And callest back days
Delightsomely rare;
Yet, I will claim it,
A spell all thine own
Holds and pervades thee,
Thou Lakelet, alone.

Thou hast an echo
For each changing mood;
A secret seems even
By thee understood;
Thy wavelets keep tune
To the heart's gayest spell;
Or, kissing the shores,
Soft lullabys tell.

Is the heart weary?
Thy tender waves creep
Quietly up—e'en
Would fondle our feet.
No passion thou hold'st
Within thy calm breast;
Rather to curb ours,
Would seem thy behest.

Thy surface is flecked
With skiffs and white sails,
Now resting in calms,
To fly in light gales;
The fisher and huntsman
Full well know thy name;
And morn finds them, out
In quest of their game.

Sunsets fain linger,
To give thee their gold
Mingled with carmine,
In glory untold;
At morning and noon,
Enchantment and rest,
We take as we please;
Thou offer'st the best.

Ours are the lilies,
Thine arm holds embraced;
Yet the half is not told
Of how thou art graced.
Truly, thy beauties
Intrinsic reside;
Whoe'er would know them
Must dwell at thy side.

MY BOAT

I've brought my boat to the mountains,
To sail it upon Loon Lake.
I live in the awful city,
But I know there's some mistake,
For I like the big, blue mountains,
And the stories of wolves and deer;
And I love to watch for the fawns, too,
In the park when they come so near.

My boat is blue with a pennant
Of red, and the sails are white;
My Auntie helped me make it,
The butler said 'twas all right;
And sister says she will take me
To sail it this afternoon,
I've walked lots of blocks in the city,
I could walk to the lake very soon.

It's a whole mile there from the Lake House,
But Mamma and sister will go—
I'll carry my boat myself, though;
I told them I wanted to.
How nice it will be to stand there
And see my skipper fly;
If the string should break, I'd lose it,
And then I'm afraid I'd cry.

If only some fairy I've read of—
A fairy who always does good—
Would give us a home by the Deer Park,
Just here near the lake in the wood,
I'd make him a present, I tell you—
The very best thing I could give;
I wish there never were cities,
Where boys like me have to live!

ONCE IS ENOUGH

"Now, Dwightie, I hear you've a baby at home,
A dear little sister, a wee cunning one;
Tell me about her; I want to know more.
Did ever you see such a darling before?"
"Ah, never, indeed!" "I believe you, my boy;
Alas for your wagon and every pet toy!

"You've more than your share, I really must say,
With Will, Fred and Florrie, and now Hallie Day;
And think of it, Dwightie, I've no little boy
Nor yet little girl, nor any bright toy;
So, Dwightie, please won't you give baby to me?"
"Why, 'course not, because she's been born once, you see."

"OUT OF HARM'S WAY"

"NAHNAH, I've heard you talk many times
'Bout keeping me out of 'harm's way';
Now, Nahnah, why don't you kill those harms?
Let's do it this very day.

"Because I don't like to think of them
All running around, you know;
We kill the mice in the barn with traps,
Can't we kill the 'harms,' just so?

"Uncle Will might shoot them with his gun,
Or p'r'aps Uncle Fred with his;
I'll hunt them with my brand new one;
It goes right off with a whiz!"

OFF-SHORE

SMOOTH was the sea that morn,
Lightly the sails were borne,
 Noiseless along;
Played children merrily,
Laughingly, cheerily,
While floated airily
 Their mirthful song.

Soon zephyrs fresh and free,
Far from the distant lea,
 Touched sea and land.
Glinting the wavelets bright
With more than diamond light,
Filling with new delight
 The gladsome band.

"Oh, breeze, blow on," they cry;
"See sail-boats hurry by;
 Let's try our boat.
Aye, how the breakers roar!
Look! Here's our bark ashore,
Wrecked, ruined, never more
 Again to float."

Only an instant more
Till all on sea and shore
 Grows strangely dim.
Waves dash on rock and sand,
Billow on billow grand;
Hurries our little band
 From scenes so grim.

Scrambling, they gain the pier;
Yet, full of brave, good cheer,
Scorn they affright.
Storm passes; they arise,
Thrilled by a new surprise,
To greet from out the skies
A rain-bow bright.

OUR SUMMER

WHAT has the season brought us,
While flew its transient hours,
'Mid riches of garden and landscape,
Bedecked with fruit and flowers?

A lovely "mosaic," I see it,
This summer's outward view;
Some colors rarely effulgent,
Others with tears dripping through.

We do not ask for the reason
Why tints are of gold or blue;
So long as the whole is faithful
To what we know to be true.

We'd cherish the past with shadows
Or flowers of radiant hue;
And love the beauteous blending
O'er-ruled for me and you.

OSCAR AND ARTHUR'S CHRISTMAS EVE

"BECAUSE your father's sick, my boys,
I can not leave him—e'en
To get your supper, little ones.
You know how hard it's been
To watch beside him all these days;
And now this Christmas eve
You can't have any gifts, I fear,
But do not cry nor grieve!

"If only father just gets well,
'Twill be a Christmas sure;
Go, children; tell the doctor, please
To send a better cure!"

* * * * *

The boys returned with medicine,
Then stole away alone,
And knelt beside their bed to pray,
And ask what they had done,
That Santa could not come to them
After this long, long year;
They'd wished and hoped for many things,
And some for mother, dear.

"Father we know is very sick,
And mother, too, must share
His illness, watching by the couch.
Oh, hear! (they sob) our prayer!"

* * * * *

"Come, Arthur, let us crawl in bed,
And try and go to sleep;
Forget we're hungry and so sad,
And dream we still shall keep
Our Christmas day. We'll play and play

With pretty toys and lots of things,
And have a tree so gay!

* * * * *

“Oh, Oscar, I’m not dreaming yet!
Quick, through the window, see
Our teacher’s sleigh just driving up,
With Clara’s Christmas tree!
Yes, Arthur, run and tell mamma
He’s come, our Santa, dear!
With baskets full of everything.
Tell sister, Santa’s here.”

PACIFIED

“WHICH shall it be tonight, my love—
Celluloid turtle, frog, or dove—
To dip and bathe with you at sea,
And fine for Sunday morning be?”

“I’ll take them all, dear mamma mine,
And scrub them till they really shine,
Or push them out so they will float,
Then let them use me for a boat,
And climb upon my back to be
Just saved from some sad fate, you see.
But, anyway, I’ll show you how
These little friends can take me now
And dry my tears and stop my woe,
While to my bath I gladly go.”

OUR FREDDIE

WELCOME, April showers that bring
Sweetest flowers in early spring,
Buttercups in pastures green,
Violets blooming half unseen,
These and daisies, white and tall—
Aye, many more, I love them all.
But though precious, sweet and rare,
None can with our boy compare.
How we watch our darling's face!
Every motion, too, is grace.
Little hands and feet and head,
All are perfect, love has said.

See the Precious now incline
Toward us, kissing all the time!
Could a May day dawn more fair
Than to grant a gift so rare?
Hear him try to make our "coo,"
"B-r-r" and "tah" and "how-de-do;"
Now he'll bake a pat-a-cake,
(Just the nicest he can make.)
See the "toss-up," too, he knows
Ends the jingle—here it goes.
You are just a darling joy;
Who wouldn't love our Freddie boy?

Now he's jumping, now he crows,
(What he's thinking, nobody knows.)
See him spring when Willy comes
Bounding in with mates and drums.
He would like to join their ranks,
Our ten-months-old, with all his pranks.
"You'd be the smallest soldier yet,
You little jolly, prancing pet!"

But his eye-lids droop, methinks;
Now he nods and winks and blinks,
Trying hard to stay, it seems,
Nor journey to the land of dreams.
Hush! the darling sleepeth now;
Press a kiss on cheek and brow.
Who e'er saw a lovelier flower
In any garden, field or bower?

“DISCOURAGED”

WILLY'S NEW SYNONYM

“MAMMA, we haven't quarreled,
We've tried to 'all be good,'
Just as you told us—'fore you went—
We children understood.
We've only been discouraged
A little, don't you know—
Discouraged with each other;
Not 'quarreled,' though, oh no!”

REUNION SONG, AUGUST 1, 1909

Dedicated to the descendants of William P. and Lucy Edwards Huntington and their families. (Sung to the tune of Solomon Levi.)

WE are the children, grandchildren,
And great-grandchildren, too,
Of Lucy Edwards, passing fair
With eyes of bluest blue;
Who on a Christmas long ago
Became the envied bride
Of Hadley's Harvard graduate,
A Huntington beside.

CHORUS:

Hail, Hadley Huntingtons!
Welcome! tra, la, la, la;
You and your chosen ones,
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
We'll sing of Fallows', Brooks' and Days',
Of Wellingtons so dear,
Our Donovans, "Sweet Williams," too,
Afar and yet how near!
The Stevensons and Simpsons last,
Such very good names to say;
They all make up a list we love
On this or any day.

Our family escutcheon fair,
From every stain is free;
Although we do not use a crest,
We love our Family Tree.
We've titles large and titles small,
To suit each special taste,
And yet I think there never were
Many to go to waste. Cho.

We do not wish to praise ourselves,
Or seem self-satisfied,
Although we are entitled to
Our share of family pride.
We've Bishops and Professors fine,
"M. D.'s" and "D. D.'s" rare,
One President at least we claim
In our connection fair. Cho.

And having given the family names
Of this, our favored clan,
We now will gain a closer view
And specialize if we can.
There's much to say, you will admit,
If this shall be our game;
The time is short, so we'll begin
To call this roll of fame. Cho.

There's Sam'l first and Sam'l last,
Forever young and new,
And Lucy ever lovingly,
And beautifully true.
Of Williams, we have fully four,
And surely could not tell
Which generation holds our choice,
We love them all so well. Cho.

Here's Ella with her Genevieve,
And Miriam, jewels rare,
And here's to Raymond and his bride,
Elizabeth so fair;
Dear "Teed" and "Fleda's" precious Six,
Sweet Katharine, Helen, Ruth,
Eleanor, Theodora, too,
With "Bud," the Pet, in truth. Cho.

Our Helens liked the pleasant sound
Of Huntington full well,
And sighed to yield the rhythm up
For Cupid's stronger spell;
But Helen H. and D. and F.
Succumbed all gracefully,
And gave us "Ned" for "Huntington,"
Dear "Jim" and E. Sidney. Cho.

For scientific accuracies,
We're well equipped, you see,
To learn how 'tis that Tweedle-Dum
Differs from Tweedle-Dee.
Such knotty questions, we refer
To Charlie Wellington,
To our A. M.'s and Ph. D.'s,
Also to Jim Simpson. Cho.

If education is our theme,
The very highest kind,
We tackle Will, as yet unspoiled
By Boston's blasé mind;
Or, if you'd know the reason why
John Calvin never died,
You'd get an answer from "J. Ross,"
Or "T. C.," if you tried. Cho.

And here's our Laurence; where is Grace,
With all the graces blest?
Oh, she is any (every) where—
That she can serve the rest.
Prince Edward and his Julia K.
Have brought Annette so fair,
But Alice overseas has flown,
Rich treasures there to share. Cho.

Oh, would we had our Ellery here,
Our tribe's own "Benjamin,"
Sweet Susie, Ellery C., Junior,
And Frederick Huntington.
We long to see our Edward Brooks,
And Nora, late the bride;
Dear Grant and Fannie, with young Lyle,
Their precious joy and pride. Cho.

Come now, our Will and Fred, Charles F.,
And Florence with her three—
Young "Billy," fast becoming "Will,"
Twins, "Donny" and "Teddy;"
But which darling is which, don't tell
Until you're very sure,
For "telling us apart," they say,
Is what they can't endure. Cho.

We'll sing of Dwight and Clara, too,
And Huntington Townsend Day;
We'd call them back from woods and camp,
If not so far away,
To give us realistic views
Of Babe Matilda's charms,
And join our Huntingtonian band
From towns and lakes and farms. Cho.

“REALLY SANTA CLAUS”

WE trimmed his little Christmas tree,
And decked it out all gorgeously;
Then Santa rang the door-bell loud.
(And Uncle Fred had warned the crowd
Of sisters, brothers, cousins, all,
To make a fuss at Santa's call.)

So in he came, and little Hun,
Forgetting tree and Christmas fun,
Now trembled at the dear old Saint,
And grew quite white, as in a faint.

But all fear fled as Santa cried,
“Hey-day, I've caught you here and spied
Your tree and all the gifts I've sent;
So now I'll go; I'm quite content
To say my ‘Merry Christmas,’ then
To leave till Christmas comes again;
And here's a wagon all bright red;
My little man, 'tis yours,” he said.

Hun shouted out about his hair,
And that he looked just like a bear,
(His Uncle Will in this disguise,
He did not guess.) 'Twas sheer surprise
And joy that made him laugh and call,
“Old Santa's game's the best of all!
And see the wagon he has brought;
He'd given enough before, I thought!
But now I know that all is true,
'Bout *really Santa Claus*, don't you?”

PARTINGS

WHEN something indescribable, celestial, fills the air,
And voiceless voices seem to call and lure us everywhere;
When the cricket chirps a-wearily, because the summer wanes,
And the golden-rod sheds glory over all the hills and plains:
It is then the lingering shadows, the light and air combine,
With what you're thinking, feeling, yes, somehow intertwine,
Until the tender story is enough to break your heart;
For summer time is over, and we friends must part.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAR LITTLE EMMA

THE fondly loved—Heaven's mercy sent,
Heart's treasure lent; nay, 'twas not given!
Rather an angel o'er us bent,
To pioneer our path to Heaven.

She soars to teach our tardier flight,
And sheds new luster on our way;
Thus faith asserts the ken of sight,
And we're decoyed to realms of Day.
Vain tears that weep her transient bloom;
Yet who recalls the Heavenward gone?
Out from the darkness of the tomb,
Bright breaks the Resurrection's Dawn.
—Wm. P. Huntington, Amherst, Mass.
Sunday, P. M., Aug. 17, '84.

THE RESCUE

“PLEDGES I never could keep. Ah me!
Passion was stronger than pledges, you see!
I promised and tried with all my might;
But talk of promise! ’Twas appetite,
Terrible, constant, sure and strong,
From bad to worse, which drove me along.

“I made up my mind I’d better die,
And quit this earth. I said, ‘I’ll try
The torments beyond, and escape the shame
Of a blighted, dishonored, earthly name.’
Nursing my purpose close in my breast,
Forthwith I wildly rushed, in quest
Of some swift way to finish this play
I’d been calling life; ah, many a day!

“’Twas an awful night. I can feel it yet.
Such darkness and storm one could not forget.
I scarce considered which way I went,
But strode along on one purpose bent—
Pressed toward the bridge and river deep;
Yet shuddering thought of the bank so steep.

“As I passed a church its light went out;
I halted and suddenly turned about.
(’Twas the only light on my lonely way.)
A voice that instant called to me, ‘Hey!
Let’s join our forces, go home together,
The night is dark and fierce the weather.’

“’Twas the preacher who spoke; he stood at the door,
But turned the key in a moment more
And said, ‘Please wait; I forgot my book,

And my favorite stick—my shepherd's crook;
Where are you going? Come in, come in!'
Boldly I answered, 'I'm going from sin.'
(I thought 'I'll give him this little clew
To the desperate thing I'm about to do;
And then the wondering world will know
What was the cause for my choosing so.')

"The preacher had struck a light, and now
Was reaching for cane and book; but how,
As I spoke, he turned and looked me through,
Divining what I had purposed to do.
I told him all. He said, 'There's a power
May come and possess you this very hour,
Making your own will mountain strong,
Which has proven veriest weakness so long.'

"The church was empty; we two staid
And watched that night. He prayed, I prayed,
Till another Presence, too, was there,
Coming, indeed, with answered prayer.
That Presence lent a mighty spell,
Whose power I dare not try to tell.
I only know strange strength came then
From Him who makes of slaves—free men.
The tyrant passion fled, and I
Desired to live and not to die.

"That river for fully ten years has run
Since joyous my rescued life was begun;
And could It speak would oft have told
My story, which can ne'er grow old."

THE CHILDREN

THESE undeserved gifts of light
O'erflow our hearts from morn till night.
Veriest miracles they seem,
Coming like some rapturous dream—
Staying, unlike dreams which flee
Most exasperatingly—
Growing lovelier more and more,
Till they've reached—e'en passed a score
Of happy rounds, we call the years;
Rounds which pile up, tiers on tiers,
Brightest anniversary days,
Tense with joy as light with rays;
Each New Year a Heaven-lent boon,
Scarcely grasped, till gone, how soon!
While we watched the changing grace
Of each child in form and face,
Crying, "Stay remorseless Time,
Hold, hold this fairy pantomime.
Now it's perfect, let me gaze;"
But Time refused to mend his ways;
And see, his work but grows more fair,
So don't detain him anywhere;
For every year they're dearer still,
And better our fond hopes fulfil.
They kiss our forehead, cheek and hand,
And try to make us understand
We change for better, not for worse;
Such dear deceits they oft rehearse,
Of how becoming "grey" in hair,
And how Bostonian "glasses" are;

How full of character those lines
O'er which one often sighs—repines.
Yes, they, the children, blessed, true,
Who turn to good what e'er we do,
Who brook toward us no slight, nor sneer,
But overrate us, 'tis most clear,—
Idealize, and so inspire
Things quite beyond us, to desire.
Could we ask more? Their hearts o'erflow
With love, how dear! And evermore
We feel the fount will be as pure
And satisfying, too, and sure.
And so we dream and wake and love
And thank the Heavenly One above
For children passing sweet—the test
And fond fulfilment of earth's best.

AUNT MARY'S FLY

MAMMA, today in Aunt Mary's house
I found a fly, only think!
I've heard you say 'bout auntie, too,
"Of perfection she's just the pink."

But really, I don't suppose she cares,
'Cause the fly was nice and neat—
A-washing his face as hard as he could,
His legs and his little feet.

SUBMISSION

(TO A FRIEND)

SILENCE these groans, bid this crying "Be Still,"—
Can I at once bow down to His will?
Must I be quiet and let this heart break?
Can I yet yield her—yield e'en for His sake?

No! 'Twere not possible quite to be calm;
Hearts that are bruised, not *breaking*, find balm.
Rather, Oh God, let the cry of my pain
Ring on Thine ear, and I cry not in vain.

For as Thou knowest the hurt of this heart,
Yes, as Thou feelest its pain and its smart—
So take its fragments, grief-riven, from me,
Drawing me up as Thou takest to Thee.

Touch me divinely and grant me instead
The strength of that love for which Thy heart bled;
And as Thou makest our precious one Thine,
Let infinite mercy from Heaven be mine.

Out of these mists and this darkness bring light.
Let me Thy dealing interpret aright,
And, though it crush me, if this be Thy will,
I'll pass 'neath the rod, and will cling to Thee still.

Grant to give trust, yes, calm patience and peace;
The watcher on duty asks not for release.
Grant me to lovingly serve at my post,
That naught of the chastening lesson be lost.

Take her then, Lord; I yield her to Thee.
Keep her, Oh Saviour, for me, yes for me;
That, when the testing and waiting are o'er,
My own shall be mine and be mine evermore.

THE SAILORS' REFRAIN

OH, for a breeze,
To sigh in the trees
And speed us along the wave;
Oh, for the thrill
When our sails to fill
A gale dares our bark to brave.

Then blow, breezes, blow,
For our hearts are aglow
With the pulse of the life of the wave.
We long to glide there
On the blue surface fair,
With our boat in the waters to lave.

And blow, breezes, blow,
For well do we know
Thou holdest our joy on thy wing.
Come, toss us along
With laughter and song;
We'll hail e'en the storm thou dost bring.

Yes, blow, breezes blow,
And on us bestow
A touch of the life that we crave.
We care not to drift,
But plow on more swift—
Time passes—stir deeply the wave.

SONNET TO THE CLUB

"OVER THE TEACUPS"

HAIL, "Teacups" of associations rare,
Condensed from happy scenes through gladsome years,
Thy serious lessons we would quite forbear,
Retaining only what inspires and cheers.
We'd hold that choice, which each to each endears—
Those bonds of precious friendship, passing sweet—
Realities untouched by clouds or fears,
Which make the soul for earth or heaven more meet.
Then come glad hours, be not too rare nor fleet;
The old has been most fair, but better still the new.
Today, with priceless promise, is replete,
And faith brings what is best to me and you.
So here's to club-mates, friends of mine, how dear,
Brimful of golden good, the live-long year!

October 12, 1900.

PENITENCE

I'M sad this morn; a little sin
Shuts out the light; I've wounded him;
The dearest, best, great heart I know,
With love that makes that heart o'erflow,
In generous deeds to every one;
I wish the day were not begun,
I'd like to try it once again.
I'd stay the stroke and save the pain.
Ah, how a hasty, harsh word will
Becloud the sun, will dampen, chill
A summer sky. To him I'll go
And ask the pardon I would know.

OUT INTO LIFE

WE'RE lonely tonight for you, son;
Art thinking of us, too, dear one?

As you speed on your way
Toward the far western day,
Art thinking of us, our loved one?

How loyal you've been alway, son!
How fair is the part that you play, son!
To yourself you are true,
So to us, what you do
Is all doubly dear, our own one.

You've stepped into life, my dear one,
That life, though, seems just begun, son;
For the same smile is there,
And the child look so fair.
You haven't grown far away, dear one.

My heart aches for you, my loved one,
Because life's struggle is fierce, son;
And because in the fight,
While you strive with your might,
You'll oft be sore-pressed, my brave one.

Chide not my tears; I must weep, son.
I'd not be distrustful, though, dear one;
For the God of your past
Will be yours to the last;
Be sure He'll sustain you for aye, son!

THE CLAM-BAKE

*After Denslow's "Night before Christmas." Inscribed to our
hostess, Mrs. Phillips, of Brooklyn, N. Y.*

'Twas the first day of August, and all at West Chop
Were busy preparing for clam-bake and hop.
The corn and potatoes were gathered with care,
And bushels of clams besides lobsters were there;
When, out on the lawn, "there arose a great clatter,"
The arrival of guests explained what was the matter.
And fresh from the highlands, the Archbalds and Days
Received such a welcome as stoics might praise.

But soon the scene changes, and down on the shore
Are bathers assembling—a dozen or more.
Right into the sea they dash, fearless each one,
And frolic and dive, having oceans of fun,
Till the evening creeps on and the bathers grow chill;
Still, there's plenty of sport in store for them still.
For here burns the fire which has blazed all the day,
Getting ready the stones for the clam-bake—Hurray!

Up, up from the town cometh Dwight on his wheel,
And all in the spirit of clam-baking feel.
With bathing suits doffed and evening suits donned,
The place is as gay as a "Merry-go-Round."
And so, while the sun—a red fire-ball—descended
With promise (where late, a dark cloud had depended),
The youths and the maidens convened on the shore,
To watch out the baking of good things galore.

I said there were lobsters, potatoes and corn,
To say naught of clams—and, sure as you're born,
These were stewing and seething and cooking together,

With not so much smoke as would stir a light feather.
We saw but a pile of sea-moss, round and high,
But by faith we believed in the feast drawing nigh.
Meanwhile, from the pot in the kitchen was served
Hot chowder, and thus for delays all were nerved.

At length the man, Henry, began to unearth
With pitch-fork, 'mid clamor and all sorts of mirth,
The wonders, which buried 'neath canvas and moss,
Had an hour before this been thrown in with a toss.
The table was ample, and none had to wait,
And as viands came on, all declared them *first rate*,
For never was lobster more tasteful and good,
Nor potatoes and corn proven half such fine food.

And as for the clams! Of all in the world,
Whether hard-shell or soft-shell, straight, crooked, or curled,
These were *A No. 1*, super-excellent, best;
And rousing good appetites put them to test.
And so the feast ended, not ended, I mean
Had begun, with these dainties and others between;
And while we all ate, the guests were transformed
In facial expression and wondrously gowned;—

Were given pointed noses, all pink like a lobster,
With heads quite encased in a Turkish-like knob, sir!
While Martha and Bertha stole noiseless about,
Till one would have thought that the witches were out.
These weird ghosts and gnomes all danced 'round the fire,
And shouted and clamored in accents most dire;
Then all sat them down to praise the good things
Which friendship together with clam-baking brings.

When lo and behold! A platter of chicken
Descends from that most inexhaustible kitchen!

And though all demurred, yet so tempting it looked—
Nice and brown and most appetizingly cooked—
That impromptus were suddenly brought to a stop,
And “Sam Weller’s Valentine” almost forgot.
The chicken went ’round—spring chicken the best—
Till two bones at least were picked by each guest.

Now stories are called for, and speaking resumed,
For all thought the viands at last were consumed.
Not so! But as sure as I’m living today,
To tell of the party so gladsome and gay,
While the speeches progressed and the joking went on,
There appeared in the ring a great pan of pop-corn.
(Our hostess had counted on large appetites,
And not on the stomachs of spirits or sprites.)

So the pop-corn was passed again and again,
While the ghost stories made up a ceaseless refrain;
Now Shakespeare was called for, and Hamlet came forth,
Till encore on encore attested his worth.
The terrible tread of the actor, Louise,
Chilled the blood in our veins and stiffened our knees;
Then joke challenged joke, conundrum and story,
Till each one had shared in this proud evening’s glory.

The sea sang an undertone, pleasant to hear,
And peal followed peal of glad laughter and cheer;
But all earth’s delights, alas, have an end;
(’Twill always be thus, till earth and Heaven blend.)
Such a clam-bake none ever again *can* attend;
But all is not told, for the shore having said
“Good-night” to the guests, they hastily sped
To the cottage for song and a bright little hop,
Which gave the right climax to all—a tip-top.

We missed the dear Doctor and Dwight of the Days,
Deploring their absence in numberless ways.
We left with regretful fare-wells, and were going,
When lo, nothing daunted, a door opened, showing,
Yes, truly believe me, more "eatings," you see;
Which number the courses at least ten and three.
But the cream was so cooling, delicious and rare,
Though the fiftieth course, to remonstrate who'd dare?

Not doubting, by staying we soon should partake
Of no one knows what—a guess who could make?
With praise for our hostess, and all her fair clan,
We said "We will go as fast as we can."
The moon on the crest of the waves as we passed,
Shed a lustre which ever in memory must last,
To blend with the echoes which rose on the air,
Of cheers for the clam-bake, beyond all compare.

TO THE ADIRONDACKS

YE wondrous peaks of green,
With rifts of blue between,
Decked oft in purple sheen,
 Princely array!
Thy heads majestic rise,
Reaching the very skies.
Speak forth thy mandates wise;
 Speak! We obey.

Ancient, yet always new,
Dark, dense and awful, too,
Yet ever fair to view
 From cliff or vale.
What secrets could be told,
Buried beneath thy mold!
Ages may not unfold
 A single tale.

Birds, bees and wildwood flowers,
Seek lovingly thy bowers,
Charming the summer hours
 With incense sweet.
Till perfumed roundelays
Seem through the livelong days
Breathing out ceaseless praise—
 Oblations meet.

THE CHRISTMAS TREES

"Oh, yes, we'll find a lovely tree
That little sister Nell's shall be.
We'll choose it, cedar, pine or fir,
All straight and fairy just like her;
And then on Christmas morn she'll smile,
And so surprised she'll be the while."

The boys, thus talking, hurried on,
Beyond the borders of the town;
They entered soon the forest old,
And thought not of the snow or cold,
But queried just how large should be
The little sister's Christmas tree.

They choose the very one at last;
And now the snow is falling fast.
"Let's find," said Paul, "a tree for Joe,
The blacksmith's little boy, you know."
"And yes," retorted Fritz, "we'll see
How happy then he, too, will be.
We'll trim his tree, then watch outside,
Tomorrow morning, while we hide."

But cold the blast began to blow,
And thicker, faster, came the snow.
The woods grew dark. "We've lost our way,"
Paul cried; "Oh, Fritz, let's stop and pray."
Beside their Christmas trees they stood,
Two little suppliants in the wood;
And prayed that somehow they might know
Of all the ways, which way to go.

Then start they forth again, each bent
As on some mighty object sent.
The cold and storm grow hard to bear,
But still this earnest, trusting pair
Press on, till strength at last gives way,
And Paul begins again to pray.
Then loud he calls, "Come, some one, come,
We're lost, we're lost, come help us home."

They pause, benumbed with cold, and lo!
A light ahead! If friend or foe,
No matter. "Now we're saved, indeed."
So saying, toward the light they speed.
Two stalwart men have heard the call,
And rushing, catch them ere they fall.
Each clasps a boy and holds him fast,
Then dares the tempest howling past.
Each boy aloft, grasps tight his tree,
A stranger sight you'd seldom see.

The men explained, "*Our* trees can wait,
While we save you an awful fate."
The boys then knew their friends to be
The blacksmith and grown son; ah me!
Did ever men such angels seem,
Or blessings come so like a dream?
The boyish hearts began to glow,
Despite the wind and cold and snow;
Their fingers clutching tight their trees,
While both men bent before the breeze,
And hurried on, till now they come,
Exhausted, to the boys' own home.

'Twould take too long to try to tell
How Mother cried, but little Nell

Embraced and kissed the boys by turn,
While Father eager sought to learn
Just how and when and where all this
Could come to pass, that he should miss
The knowledge of his absent boys;
(For he was buying Christmas toys,
And only came in time to see
The boys set down Nell's Christmas tree,
Pausing beside the door; and then,
In tones of love for both the men,
Attempt their thanks, unspeakable.)
"This tree shall be all wonderful
For Joe," they said. "We'll trim it fine
And load it down with toys that shine;
Then bring it forth when Joe's asleep,
And in the morning come and peep.
And to you both, dear friends, we owe
The best that boys could ere bestow.
We wish we had a hundred things,
The nicest Santa ever brings,
With which to thank you for the way
You saved us for our Christmas Day."

TO MY NEPHEW

EVER thou dawnest fair,
Dear Natal day, so rare,
Weaving bright dreams;
All through the sunlit hours,
Ring from sweet nature's bowers,
Dulcet refrains!

Here by the "lapsing waves,"
Under these oaken shades,
Noting not time;
Turned far from carking care
Into a Halcyon air;
Name me a scene more fair
Glad birthday nymph!
Touch chords of tripping grace,
On Muses—come apace;
Now hold sweet sway!

Fair be thy lute and lay,
All through this festal day;
List, Edward, list!
"Let coming years most bright
Offer thee dear delight,
Wreathed with supernal light
Sent from above."

WHAT SHE THOUGHT AT TEN OF FAIRIES

THE fairies bright and airy,
With wands of shining gold,
Go tripping through the country
And fear not want or cold.

They nod behind the elm trees,
Or play in meadows green,
A Cinderella's wishes grant,
Do everything, I ween!

From their own country starting,
They fly through wood and dale,
Over ocean's wide domain,
Then home again they sail.

And thus they lead from year to year
A life of endless joy,
Yet who'd exchange real joy for theirs—
The joy of a mere toy?

HELEN H. DAY.

THE TWINS' WISH

As they give their celluloid ducks a swim in the bath-tub.

"WE'RE havin' such fun, deah Muvvah,
Sailin' our ducks in ye sea;
Oh, Muvvah, if you was only
Just two yittie boys yike we!"

THE GOLDEN WEDDING DAY

INSCRIBED TO BISHOP AND MRS. F. D. HUNTINGTON
SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

E'ER the summer fadeth
 Into autumn light,
While the fields are fragrant
 And the woods still bright;
When the purple asters
 Richly clothe the vale,
And the gentian blossoms
 In the grassy dale;

When the cricket's murmur,
 Plaintive is, yet sweet;
(All because the summer
 Went on wings so fleet,)
Then it is that nature,
 In her magic way,
Sheds peculiar lustre
 On this festal day.

Balmiest, spiciest breezes,
 Blow o'er Hadley's lea,
And the earliest matins
 Sound in each loved tree.
Rich and ripening harvests
 Gladden all the view,
While the arch above them
 Bends its beauteous blue.

Golden-rod, your vesture
 Must have ordered been,

For we see you gorgeous,
Dressed out for the scene;
Touching up the hillsides,
Dotting road and mead
With a golden glory,
Wedding-like, indeed.

Blossom, leaf and bird-note,
Autumn-tint and air,
All with varied influence,
Breathing everywhere,
Blend in doing honor
To this golden day,
Which began its shining
Fifty years away.

AUTUMNAL

SEE the long and lengthening shadows on the grass,
Deepened now and then when lazy cloudlets pass;
Feel the brooding of the mild and mellow light,
Growing dreamier until it sleeps in night.
Hear the myriad harmonies of sounds subdued,
By our wondering, waiting souls scarce understood!
Catch the magic of the mysteries revealed
And the awesomeness and depth of those concealed!
Aye, it pulls hard at your heart,
Autumn's ruthless, artless art,
Whose ecstatic joy and pain are counterpart.

FATE AND PHILOSOPHY

A PATIENT hen had set three weeks,
She battled storm and weather,
To safely hatch her brood of chicks
And guard them 'till they'd feather.

"The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft agley," we're told;
And so it chanced that chicks and hen
Soon graced a fox's hold.

The hen and all the brood, save one,
Were lost to sight and knowledge;
The orphan then was left alone
In this bleak world to forage.

But shelter soon was offered him
By a generous-hearted mother,
Who proudly owned a brood of ten,
But welcomed still another.

Lo! two broods went where one had gone,
To appease the fox's hunger;
But safe, our orphan stands alone,
'Mid all this deathly plunder!

His star of luck seemed not to wane
Until sad fate pursuing,
A storm-swept gate did prove the bane
For this charmed life's undoing.

Fortuna! Why so fickle thou;
Why lure us on by blessing—

To make at length thy votaries bow,
Thy sovereign sway confessing?

We fear what seems a foregone fate assured,
The unexpected thing must be endured.
(A school offering.) F. H. DAY.

WHEN FLORENCE SMILES

By Jean Crowell, Her College Mate

WHEN Florence smiles, I seem to see
The sun shine out, right merrily;
The air is soft, the sky is blue,
The birds sing sweet, the flowers, too,
Spring up; the little brook runs free.
So life is all of rainbow hue
When Florence smiles.

And I am blest, you will agree,
For Florence always smiles at me;
And if perhaps bright days are few,
My heart sings on with gladness new,
For Florence smiles!

PHILOSOPHY IN A FLOWER GARDEN

A BEVY of butterflies flit 'mong the flowers,
Bright, gladsome, winged things, born 'mid the bowers.
Noiseless they fly in their objectless flight,
Dancing to zephyrs, and fed by the light.

Upward and downward, first that, now this way,
Fickle as down in the breezes at play;
Journeying oft, but retracing their flight;
Try you to follow? They're far out of sight.

Back again, just as you gave up the quest;
They mock your discomfiture, tell you to rest;
Your big giant brain and your strong giant limbs
Are tired and out-done by these small-winged things.

We fret and we tire o'er our work and our play,
And make one of hardship, the bright summer day;
While the butterfly laughs from the leaf and the flower,
And rebukes, with his bit of bright tissue, our power.

SHE IS CAPTURED

THE noble young stranger has wooed her and won her;
Light of love shone upon her, she yields to its sway.
'Tis the law of our life, this mystical something
That captures our dear one, our fair Florence Day.

Fain would we keep her—maiden, how beautiful,
Dutiful, lovable! Would she might stay!
Promise of womanhood's noblest maturity,
Blossom of purity—sweet Florence Day!

Forth with our blessing, go find thou new places,
Where all thy graces shall brighten the way
Of him, who in crowning our gift is bestowing
His best upon all who so love Florence Day.

—Mrs. H. K. Martin.

A VISION?

I DREAMED; and lo, life's wrongs and griefs and cares
Had fled, as if by magic, unawares!
The picture looked familiar in a way;
I knew at once the scenes of yesterday;
But all the hard and trying things had ceased
As though a pent-up power had been released
To spread itself in love o'er every ill,
And breathe on earth a wonderous "Peace, Be Still."

At first I thought 'twas Heaven; but no, 'twas not,
For I could trace each common well-known spot;
And yet the places held a glow and sheen
Beyond which I had ever, waking, seen.
There was no sordid groveling any more,
Or fierce contending all the wide world o'er;
Each face I saw a different light possessed;
Each tongue that spoke a new found joy expressed;
Some beauteous ones were scarcely changed at all;
(Exotics they had been I could recall),
And yet their eyes more lustrous still had grown
Than in the former days which I had known.

I asked about this light on sea and land,
Dispensing gifts supreme on every hand;
I'd seen full oft the aureola bright,
Which painters make; those circlets as of light.
(Because 'tis fitting thus to wreath the head
Of many a Worthy.) "This I've seen," I said,
But even far surpassing this, it seems,
Became the mystic brightness of those beams
Which came as from a conscious sun above,
Whose rays effulgent had their source in Love.

"Perhaps," said I, "a luminary new
At last has pierced earth's darkness through and through."
"Nay, nay, not new," full quickly came reply;
"This light has shone from an unchanging sky
Since Bethlehem's Star proclaimed that one Divine,
Who more and more in willing souls should shine;
But stubborn unbelief did fill man's heart
(Evil to darkness being counterpart),
Enshrouding earth in misery and night,
Except where men loved darkness less than light;
But late, the foul rebellion all had fled
And peace and joy unbroken reigned instead;
Because His own, who knew His love full well,
Arose obediently to 'Go and Tell.' "

Oh, precious dream which cancelled cruel sin,
And let the Light of Life and Glory in!
Although this vision, rapturous and bright,
Had fled with morning's ordinary light,
Before its wonderous meaning I was mute;
My heart dared not its startling truth dispute:
That had all men in earnest sought this light,
By God's own Spirit striving as they might,
These generations past had not been lost,
The world had been redeemed at any cost!

My friend came in and found me deep in thought—
"A penny for it!"

"Ah! so cheaply sought?"

But in no mood for jesting, soon I told
All of my last night's dream I could unfold;
Adding, "The Christian world is surely mad
To let wrong triumph, good succumb to bad."
"Yet," spoke my friend, "God lets it; why should we
Wrought up about the matter greatly be?"

The morning service took her from me then,
And not till evening could we meet again.
'Twas Christmas eve; she came and cried, "'Tis true—
I see it now myself in colors new;
Christ's disobedient church a partner's been
To this lost world steeped through and through in sin."
(My friend, you see, the vision somehow'd caught;
At any rate, hear what her day had wrought.)
She said, "I went to church your dream in mind
(Though to its lesson felt quite disinclined);
When lo! our preacher tore away the veil,
Showing a monster grim which doth prevail.

All evils ever known to fallen man
Came trooping on in one degenerate van;
All wicked disaffection old and new,"
(Her voice was hushed); "all selfish mourning, too."
(For darksome robes her lonely heart enclosed,
Nay, in the church-yard, there her heart reposed.)
Continuing, "Yes, every ill," she said,
"Composed the list from which the preacher read.
All wrongs, injustice, envyings, and war
And mammon, which the world is striving for.

"E'en everything that is not joy and light
And righteousness, in which our souls delight;
Because," she said, with eager voice and eye,
"The best, you see, we blindly have passed by;
Have lost, have forfeited, so all is gone
Till Christ claims those who to himself belong
At their surrender, ready thus to fill
With His own Life, according to His will.
This Pearl of Greatest Price to such he gives,
And he who takes, believing, ever lives."

She said, "I see how useless, fruitless, bare
Are all the lesser treasures mortals share—
Or rather, how, with this great Pearl, are all
The others magnified, till none are small,
But without this the rest were poor as vain
And 'pleasures' but a masked and mocking train.
I never lived before, but now I see
What 'tis to live—what joy to do; to be;
And what't would mean indeed if every one
Would take this Pearl before the day is done
To give to many a burdened one, or send;
And giving, yet would keep It to the end.

"Oh, wealth of worlds, thou Pearl alone hast power
On needy mortals, richest gains to shower;
Yet thou art His, who takes the name Christ bore
To publish it, with gladness evermore.
And now I see your dream would yet come true
If all who promise Him—His will to do,
First yielding up the life which He hath sought,
To follow on, in meekness as He taught—
Would take from Him His proffered Spirit's power
To witness for, and praise Him hour by hour."

And then I ventured, as she paused, to ask:
"Would those be spurned who undertake the task,
Condemned and ostracised?" "Why should we care?"
She said; "We're His, and did He better fare?
So long as He is honored, why should we
In carrying out His will distrustful be?
If but we faithless followers could see
That we are keeping back the waters free—
The waters of refreshment of His grace,
By filling so unworthily our place—
How soon we'd hasten to the Cleansing Tide
And be renewed, restored and purified,—

To swift go forth again with glad acclaim
And tell the glory of His matchless Name!
How soon the world all 'round would heed the cry,
And God their Lord would greatly magnify.
"Behold your dream," she said; "I'm dreaming, too."
No moment can be spared for me or you;
Christ bade us tell the 'News.' Shall we Obey,
Or shrinking back, confess we've naught to say?

"These weeds of mourning I have loved to wear
I'll keep or leave; they're now no more a snare
To nurse a selfish sorrow, for I see
That grief may e'en a threat'ning fetish be.
The world called 'Christian' long, too long, has been
Absorbed in selfishness—a form of sin—
And this is why the Sermon on the Mount,
The Tidings of great joy—The Living Fount.
The "Go ye into all the world and tell,"
The Pentecostal preparation—well,
The best and highest things have been forgot,
And Christ's whole Mission much as if 'twere not;

"Why care for houses, lands, for clothes or food,
So soon they're gone; let's work for lasting good;
To save each one for whom such price was paid,
Whose keepers we, by Christ our Lord were made."
(This startled me; yes, keepers true we are,
And angels sound the truth from star to star.
The prophets told it; martyr hosts have died,
To leave their witness sealed and verified.)
"Then why," she asked, "should mortals pause until
The great behest they utterly fulfill?"

"We almost catch the strains of loved ones gone
Antiphonally singing 'round the throne.

They do not rob our faith by coming back
To tell us what they know and what we lack,
But e'en their ecstasy in Heaven above
Depends somehow on miracles of Love,
In which this earthly service has a share
Through testifying gladly everywhere.
Oh, joy up there which meaneth earth's 'Well Done,'
Increase each moment till the world is won!"

I saw my friend was ready with her all—
Her time, her powers, her life to meet the call.
She wondered why the Saving Story old
Could o'er and o'er be listened to and told
Without the world becoming in a day
What we are longing, praying for, alway.
"A nation in a day! 'Twould only take
Our self-denial for a Saviour's sake;
The constant, joyous testing of His love,
The eager, fond desire to fully prove
That all who look, believing, 'look and live;'
Did mortal richer message ever give?"

She paused, then said, "And tell me, why not now,
This Christmas eve, begin to keep our vow?
Thus making all our lives one Christmas-tide,
Be sure our Christ is with us to abide;
We'll send our gifts to rich and poor the same,
And joyfully bestow them in His name;
We'll fill the children's stockings full tonight,
And load their trees; our Christmas shall be bright."

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